

'BLACK HAND' GANG HELD AFTER THREAT TO KILL OFFICIAL

Four Men Who Menaced City
Register Grifenhagen Are
Put Under Bonds.

TO PROSECUTE CASES.

Intended Victim Declares He
Will Not Let Up—Com-
plimented in Court.

County Register Max S. Grifenhagen was complimented for his courage to-day when Magistrate Herbert held in \$10,000 bail four men who were arrested last night by Detective Deats, Cadario and Castagnio, charged with sending Black Hand letters to Mr. Grifenhagen threatening to kill him if he did not pay them \$1,000.

"I shall do all that is in my power to break up this state of affairs, which is reaching the dimensions of a reign of terror," said the Magistrate. "I want to congratulate and to thank you for your valuable public service in this case. If we had not your courageous citizens like yourself we would soon see the end of this outrageous condition."

The four men, who asked for a postponement of their case until next Tuesday so that they might be represented by counsel, are Louis Cavalieri, twenty years old, who was at one time employed by Grifenhagen Bros. & Co., bottlers at No. 39 Tenth avenue, of which firm Register Grifenhagen is a member, Tony Cavalieri, his cousin, eighteen years old, who lives with Louis at No. 43 West Twenty-third street; Stanislaus Valenti, nineteen, and Pettenato Chicago, twenty-one.

Was Night Watchman.
Louis Cavalieri was night watchman at the bottling establishment until about two months ago, when he was fired by the Register, who received information that the man had served a term in the New Jersey penitentiary. Another Italian, named "Mike," was engaged in Louis's place.

The police say that Louis heard of Mike's advent on the job, went to him and said: "You're not my job. If you don't quit and let me have the place again, there'll be trouble."

Mike refused to leave. On a Sunday night shortly after this four masked men went to Mike's bedroom, where he and his brother were asleep in the bottling works, and after giving Mike a severe beating took him from him. The next morning Mike and his brother disappeared and have not been seen since.

On the afternoon of Dec. 30 a little boy carried a letter to the bottling works and vanished before any one had a chance to read it. It demanded immediate payment of \$1,000, and if this was not done, the boy was threatened with a package of dynamite.

Grifenhagen was told to take the letter to the next morning and go to West-haven. After landing he was to walk ahead one block, turn to the right and drop a package containing \$1,000. Grifenhagen told the police and a plan was arranged to capture the blackmailers.

Got More Letters.
Meantime Grifenhagen had employed a German as night watchman. He took a dummy package and followed the instructions in the letter, but no one appeared.

The next day Grifenhagen received another letter through the mail. "We were there, but you were not. We did not know that you do not understand Italian. You must pay us \$1,000 or be killed," it said. This letter ended with instructions for Grifenhagen to go to the Hudson Boulevard in West-haven on a certain day with the money and said he would be met there.

Grifenhagen went, but met no one, so he and the detectives who were in hiding near by returned to New York. Another letter followed.

On Thursday Grifenhagen received the fourth letter. It demanded immediate payment of \$1,000 instead of \$1,000. Lieut. Vachris of Headquarters had been quietly at work in the mean time. He learned that the discharged Louis had been seen several times in the vicinity of the bottling work, and had worded to Louis to call to see Grifenhagen. When Louis arrived Detective Castagnio was waiting in the office.

Took Marked Money.
Louis asked for reinstatement and, according to the police, casually asked if Grifenhagen had received any threatening letters. Grifenhagen said he had and told Louis about them.

Detective Castagnio says he heard Louis tell Grifenhagen he could "fix" the persons sending the letters and advised his former employer to pay the money. He said that if it were not paid the Black Hand might steal Grifenhagen's bag or burn his house. Grifenhagen apparently agreed to Louis's scheme and an appointment was made for them to meet again last night at 6 o'clock in the bottling works.

When Louis called Detective Castagnio was again concealed in the office. Grifenhagen handed Louis a package containing \$1 in marked money. Louis started for the street, and Castagnio saw a signal. Louis found himself surrounded by Lieut. Vachris and Detectives Walsh, Trabucchi and Compennoni. The money was found in his possession, but he refused to talk.

Why Study English, Asks Miss Emmy Destinn, When Metropolitan Gives No English Opera?

Behind the Scenes, When Italian Isn't Used, French or German Are the Only Tongues Heard, Even from the Property Men, She Says.

Bohemian Prima Donna Who Created Minnie in Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" Sure She Reflects the American Girl of the Time and Place.

BY SYLVESTER RAWLING.

"WHY should I bother to study English?" exclaimed Emmy Destinn, with some petulance. "No English opera is sung at the Metropolitan Opera House. I am mistress of a complete Italian, French and German repertory in which the management calls upon me to sing. Why, English hardly ever is heard behind the scenes, from Mr. Gatti down through the various managers to the stage hands! Even the property men have learned to speak Italian, and those higher up who do not use that tongue talk in French or German."

We had been discussing in the Bohemian prima donna's apartment at the Ansonia "The Girl of the Golden West" and lots of other things, and a continual harping by the writer upon her duty, as one of our favorite singers, to learn English thoroughly had finally aroused her to a show of impatience. Miss Destinn's English vocabulary is very limited. She reads it well enough, but speaks it with difficulty. She has a mind well stored with knowledge on many subjects and a quick intelligence that finds ready expression. In her own tongue she speaks with volubility and apparently with eloquence; but, alas! the writer does not know Bohemian, and as soon as she is well started on a subject, off she flies into that.

Fortunately she is contented with the photograph that accompanied this article. Mr. Bartik said that Miss Destinn's family name was Kitek.

Her father owned gold mines in the neighborhood of Prague, where she was born, and he thought it was most appropriate that she should have the leading part in an opera that found its situation in a gold-seeker's country.

Her stage name of Emmy Destinn, he added, was adopted from one of her teachers, who was Mme. Destinn-Kewer. "The Pipe of Desire" and "Czar and Carpenter" were predest and served as interpreter.

English Not Difficult.
"To sing in English would not be at all difficult," Miss Destinn continued. "In fact, the language would seem to be far more simple than German. For instance, if ever it shall be required of me I still take it up. But why cross a bridge before I come to it? It does seem a pity that in your great country you haven't plenty of opera houses in which opera in the vernacular is sung, but you can't hold me responsible for that, can you? And you know, I do firmly believe in singing opera in the language for which they were written."

"A very different thing is to speak English fluently. You have artists in New York who sing with facility in French or German or Italian, but how many of them could maintain a conversation in either tongue? So you see not having to sing in English or to talk English at the opera house or to talk English with the friends I have made in New York, who nearly all speak either German or French, what's the use?"

Minnie Absolutely American.
Before this we had been talking of "The Girl of the Golden West." About which Miss Destinn is most enthusiastic. "No! No!" she said. "You are wrong in thinking Minnie merely a psychological reflection of a girl of the country in any age. She is distinctly an American of a certain period. I knew nothing of her until I landed this fall. I never had seen or heard any of the score. When we began rehearsals I studied her and thought about her and dreamed of her incessantly for nineteen days. My sleep was disturbed. My appetite was spoiled. I was by turns English, French, hopeful, inspired, despairing, but always, with Mr. Helander's aid, striving to grasp her personality. Nearly everybody discouraged me. 'How can you be an American girl?' they said, 'and you must be to succeed.' But I kept at it, trying my very best. Up to the last minute I could only hope, but after the first performance I was sure I knew then that I was the real girl of the great melodrama, and I was very happy."

"You do not think Puccini's melody flows as freely in 'The Girl' as in his other operas? Well, if that is true, he was hampered by the story, by the situations. He had to make the melodies fit the characters and the scenes and the times. That is why, more and more, it will be recognized that he was faithful to Mr. Helander's plot. That in his genius the music and the story are allied. Perhaps you are right in thinking that some of the music allotted to Johnson and the Sheriff might be lifted out of 'The Girl' and used in another score for other characters with different motives. I am not sure. But I am certain that Minnie's music belongs to the heroine of Mr. Helander's play and to none other. It would not fit any other personality."

Queen Alexandra's Interest.
"I am to be Minnie when 'The Girl' is sung in the coming Covent Garden season, and I am looking forward to it with delight," Miss Destinn continued. "Puccini dedicated the opera to Queen Alexandra, you know. She is one of the greatest of his admirers and I have gracious recollections of her courtesy and kindness to me when I created the title part in 'Madama Butterfly' in London. She stayed to the very end, absorbed in the music and the story. It was in July and hot and there were many daughters as to the success of the opera, but it was performed four times to sold-out houses. I hope 'The Girl' will prove as popular. Not only Queen Alexandra but the opera going public of London admires Puccini, and this vital story of 'The Girl' is made for them to meet again last night at 6 o'clock in the bottling works."

Miss Destinn a Playwright.
Miss Destinn's desk was littered with paper and a scrap basket was full of torn sheets. "Do you contribute to papers or magazines?" the writer asked. "No!" she replied, with a laugh, "but I try my hand at playwrighting occasionally. Some of my friends say that in me a good dramatic author was lost in a singer, but I dare say if I had given up my life to writing dramas they would have said that a good singer was lost by the doing of it."

Here Mr. Bartik interposed to say that three nights ago at Prague he played by Miss Destinn, the title of which in English would be "For Nothing," made a great hit, and that other plays by Miss Destinn had been produced.

While Miss Destinn was absent from the room to get the photograph that accompanied this article Mr. Bartik said that Miss Destinn's family name was Kitek.



At Public Library, No. 53 West One Hundred and Forty-fifth street.

Meonora de Chenero, the leading mezzo-soprano of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, will remain in America for some concert work at the close of the season. He preferred it to an exceptionally fine one from the Colon Theatre, Buenos Ayres, because the London management will permit of his passing some time at his home near Florence, where part of his estate includes an American apple orchard. Among the parts he will sing in London are John, in "The Girl of the Golden West," and Angel Clare in "Eugene O'Neill's 'The Sea'."

The Philharmonic Society Orchestra, under Gustav Mahler, with Johann Gaden as soloist, will give another all-Wagner programme at Carnegie Hall tomorrow afternoon. Miss Gaden's contributions will be Elsa's dream from "Lohengrin," Elsa's aria from "Tannhauser," and the finale to "Gotterdammerung." On Tuesday evening, the orchestra will present a modern programme of music, including Mr. Mahler's fourth symphony, with Bella Alten as soloist.

The third chamber concert under the auspices of the People's Symphony Society will be given at Cooper Union next Tuesday evening by the Danz Quartet. The quartet will be composed of D. Brown, violinist, and the programme will consist of the Mozart quartet in D major, the Haydn "cello concerto in D major and Beethoven's quartet for piano and strings in E flat major, in which Mrs. Dunnebreuer will be the assisting pianist.

The Florence Crittenton Mission Home is to have a benefit concert in the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria next Tuesday evening. The entertainment will be furnished by the Kalfen Quartet, Mrs. Hissam De Moos, Max Droge and Miss Marriott Strickland. The work of the mission is in behalf of girls and women, to whom it furnishes lodgings, food, advice and help to a situation.

Bach's Christmas Oratorio, Parts I, II, and III, will be sung at the Church of the Ascension to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock, under the direction of Richard Henry Warren. The original Bach orchestral accompaniments will be used. Soloists will be Mrs. John H. Flanagan, William Wheeler, Alphonso Grig, Overton Mosley, Frederick Schleifer, organist, and Mr. Admador, choist.

Dr. Frank R. Rix, director of music in the public schools, announces that on the opening night of the Child Welfare Exhibit at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, next Thursday, he will lead a chorus of 1,000 voices of children from the school districts No. 5 and No. 12. The Gloria from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, "Dixie," and one stanza of the "Star Spangled Banner" will be sung.

Under the auspices of the American Guild of Organists, free organ recitals will be given next week on Tuesday at 3 P. M. by Grace M. Lissendorff at the Baptist Church, Mariner's Harbor, on Thursday, at 3 P. M., by Henry Seymour Schweitzer at the Christ Eng-

UP AND DOWN PICTURE LANE

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

THE PASTELISTS in their initial exhibition at the Polson Galleries, No. 36 Fifth avenue, have positively supplied a new sensation to those who have seen the pictures in Picture Lane. Twenty American artists, men and women, are represented by sixty-seven paintings or drawings in the graceful medium of colored chalks. The range of styles and subjects is large, including portraits, landscapes, genre and character bits, nude studies, aspects of city streets and decorative sketches—and yet the ensemble effect in the crimson-walled parlor of Polson is harmonious, intimate and delightful. Some would call it "precious." There is no suggestion of a new experiment in this unique pastel salon, although we understand that some of the contributors whom the energetic organizer, Mr. Elmer Livingston McRae, has roped into the exhibition actually had never worked in this medium before.

On the other hand, such things as T. W. Dewings' delicate girl in the "Green Shawl," J. Alden Weir's "Souvenirs of Summertime," Mary Cassatt's "Mere et Enfant" and "Marion Beckers" appealingly lovely "Mother and Child" would in themselves suffice to give a professional distinction to any show.

Mr. MacRae's own offerings consist of two cherubic heads of children, a "Daughter of the Vikings" who might be their mother and two or three Boston impressions that are better than being there. Henry Reuter's "Harbor," that is filled with a strange glamour of imagination and soft color. The best of Leon Dabo is in his "Catalan Evening." His "Kingston, Hudson River," too, has a subtle warmth, but seems to have been painted from a swift motorboat that was speeding away from the shore—another minute, and the high horizon line would have slipped clear outside the top of the frame.

Henry C. White is a somewhat less familiar name, but he has a pretty pastel touch, especially in "A Country Road" and "Hillside Spring." Edward A. Kramer, with his Adonisead sketches, belongs in the same commendable category.

Ernest Lawson doesn't seem happy with his oil paints, until you strike the Harlem "Ship Canal" and that is sure some pastel. Colin Campbell Cooper can't get away from the downtown skyscrapers, but he contrives to catch them in a different mood each time. Glackens is a bit garish in Washington Square. Paul Conroy's portraits of the Arch here, in companion piece to his "Paris Street Scene"—both are romantic in twilight shadows, and would be nocturnes if he had painted them half an hour later. Jerome Myers is right at home in his city recreation piers and bath houses, and George Bellows' "Polo Game" is a dashing, slashing, evocative, and his portrait of an academy took like a St. Patrick's Day parade. Jonas Lie weaves a new spell in his exquisite gray monotone, "Evening."

There is nothing exotic about Everett Shinn's "Fifth Avenue Bus in a Snowstorm," as contrasted with his red chalk drawings of a lean, gaunt figure, "Parisian XIV," though we may venture the suggestion that he be not too "sanguine" as to these latter proving the same subject in oils at the recent academy took like a St. Patrick's Day parade. Jonas Lie weaves a new spell in his exquisite gray monotone, "Evening."

Juliet Thompson's portrait of Phyllis DeKay has brilliant quality. Mary Helen Carlisle's "Daddy" is bright as her "Bryant Park" is blizzard. Gladys Taer, with an eerie "Winter Sunrise," completes the catalogue of the Pastelists, who exhibit from Tuesday until the 25th, and may result in some sales shocking to the organization's non-commercial sentiment, if they don't watch out.

"A LL Indians," declares a civilized writer in the Atlantic Monthly, "seem to have learned a wonderful way of walking unseen-making themselves like certain spiders." Many have disappeared permanently.

They are in plain sight, though, in the magnificent and altogether unique photographic studies made by Edward S. Curtis, to illustrate the monumental twenty-volume work of native ethnology, conducted under the patronage of J. Pierpont Morgan, and collectively entitled "The North American Indian."

Mr. Curtis shows a selection of his wonderful and fascinating pictures—for pictures indeed they are in the noblest sense of the word, and not merely photographs. They are the results of what Curtis and his assistants have done, only in far vaster scope and closer intimacy. For Mr. Curtis, with his camera, has lived as a brother with many different tribes of the red men. He knows their medicine men and sorcerers, their chiefs and warriors, their ceremonies, their customs, their material and spiritual life—how they live, hunt, fight, travel, play and perform strange dances and incantations to conciliate the unseen deities of the wilds.

Deep in the spectral gloom of the Grand Canyon, or in the heart of primeval forests of Apache land, or amidst the cliffs and giant cast of Arizona deserts, the aboriginal man in his habit as he has lived for countless ages, and still survives, is pictured in these passing to extinction is glimpsed in these vivid photographic views.

Such pictures are more than the re-

sult of a dramatic imagination—they inspire it.

A NEWSPAPERMAN'S collection—not the gorgeous loot he stacks up in his imagination, but the real paintings, porcelain and other objects of art and antiquity that an eminent journalist-connoisseur, the late William M. Laffan, was fortunate enough to accumulate and own—may be inspected at the American Art Galleries, Madison Square south, from now until next Friday, when the treasures will be sold at auction.

Few men have possessed at once the experience, taste and ability to acquire the artistic good things of this world that Mr. Laffan enjoyed. It ought to afford pleasure unalloyed to visit before their final dispersal this assemblage of beautiful trophies, in which for a certainty there is little or nothing that the most difficult artist would wish to blue pencil.

THE EXHIBITION of drawings by A. Walkowitz, which surely is every one's walk up the Laffan list, continues at the Laffan galleries, No. 68 Madison avenue, until next Tuesday, the 17th.

HIDES IN JERSEY SWAMP AFTER ATTACKING A GIRL

Posse Is After a Man Who Is Believed to Be an Escaped Convict.

The entire population of Caldwell and West Caldwell, N. J., is aroused to-day over an attack upon twelve-year-old Lucy Penney. A posse of one hundred men is searching the swamps of that township for her assailant. He is believed to be James Madison, who was captured yesterday from the Caldwell Penitentiary.

About 8 o'clock A. M. a man entered the grocery store of Mrs. Susan Fennelly in Bloomfield avenue. He ordered groceries valued at \$2.50 and told her to send them to Monomoneck Inn. Mrs. Fennelly sent Lucy with them.

At the Inn the man met her and sent her back to the store to change a ten-dollar bill. When the girl returned with the \$5.00 the man knocked her down, took the money and ran. He was seen by Antonio Petronia and by Janitor William Roydhouse of the Caldwell school. They gave chase and had nearly overtaken the fugitive when he threw down the money and a knife, ran into a swamp and was lost to sight.

The Madden child was bruised severely about the head, but is not dangerously injured.



Little Mary Recites for Anty Drudge.

Anty Drudge—"Now say it again, Dearie. It's every word true."

Little Mary—"See my nice, new party frock. So clean and fresh and bright. Anty washed it with Fels-Naptha; That's why it is so white."

Just a few of the thousands of unsolicited testimonials regarding Fels-Naptha soap:

So Much Less Work.
"Through Mr. Dr. Robinson, I learned first of your naptha soap and must admit I tried it without much hope of success, but I was surprised at the result. The following week I tried it on a large washing and was delighted with the result. I have used it ever since as long as I can get Fels-Naptha. I tell you with all my heart, it is a duty every working sister. I laughingly told my friends that I could not do it, but my wife if she did not provide her with Fels-Naptha soap, my family says I am half crazy about it. I have saved much less work, so much more time for other things and so much less fatigued when my washing is done that I feel I cannot speak too highly of Fels-Naptha soap or speak of it too often. All my neighbors will endorse every word I have written and I could write pages."

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Fels-Naptha Don't Injure the Clothes.
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Mrs. G. N. SRAOUD, Louisville, Ky.
Fels-Naptha Soap Did It.
"There are so many worthless soaps (especially the laundry variety) on the market now that I feel it is a duty to you, and it certainly is a pleasure to you, how much I appreciate Fels-Naptha. I have used the soap since first introduced to us by one of your associates. I have used it for years and I am saying that it is superior to any soap I have ever used. When we have an unusually large washing and comment upon how nicely I have

Only Soap He Could Use.
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Fels-Naptha comes in a red and green wrapper.

KEY WEST CIGARS TO BE MADE NOW IN NEW YORK CITY

2,000 Spanish Makers Have
Come Here Because of
Strikes in Florida.

Key West cigars, made by Spaniards, will in the future be manufactured in New York City instead of in Florida, and to that end more than 2,000 cigar makers from Key West and Tampa arrived here this week and have been given employment in the new Regensburg factories.

For twenty-two weeks the cigar makers of Florida have been on strike and the Northern dealers have grown impatient at the situation. Eighteen factories have been closed and moved to this city.

Key West cigars, one of the leaders of the strike, has been in conference this week with President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor and the latter has advised all the strikers to come to New York or to at least forsake Florida. Niovanni says he can put 600 more men at work this coming week and he has sent word to that effect to Florida.

In the past, big cigar makers here have contracted with manufacturers in Florida to supply them, but there have been so many strikes that they have become disgusted with that arrangement and have decided to do their own manufacturing. Most of the newcomers are Spaniards, although there are a number of Cubans.

Bank Closes Doors.

WATKINS, N. Y., Jan. 14.—The Watkins Exchange Bank, a private institution, closed its doors to-day under a general assignment made to O. P. Hurd for the benefit of creditors. This is the second failure here within a month, the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank having failed Dec. 19. The village is now without a bank.



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